The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

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Gospel of the Fields.

HAVE you ever thought, my friend,
As daily you toil and plod
In the noisy paths of man,
How still are the ways of God?

Have you ever paused in the din
Of traffic's insistent cry
To think of the calm in the cloud,
Of the peace in your glimpse of the sky?

Go out in the growing fields
That quietly yield you meat,
And let them rebuke your noise
Whose patience is still and sweet.

They toil their æons; and we,
Who flutter back to their breast,
A handful of clamorous clay,
Forget their silence is best!

ARTHUR UPSON.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity

Of toil unsever'd from tranquility!
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!

—*Matthew Arnold.*

The Poor in Spirit.

BY THE REV. S. M. CROTHERS, D.D.

"*Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*"—Matt. v. 3.

IN the third Gospel we have a somewhat different reading of the words of Jesus; there the qualifying phrase is omitted, and Jesus is made to say simply, "Blessed are the poor." In the one case the reference seems to be distinctly to an outward condition, in the other to an inward condition. It is needless for us to attempt to settle the question as to which brings us nearer to the meaning of Jesus; it is useless to dogmatize where certainty is impossible.

We know very well how strong and how intense has sometimes been the fervour evoked by the thought that Jesus stood distinctly as the champion of one particular class in the community. It is possible to emphasize the fact of his personal poverty and the poverty of the people whom he most loved, so that we shall interpret the beatitude in the most narrow and literal way. This was the way in which ascetic piety has interpreted it. But it is capable of a wider application, and it has a meaning which is true for all men.

I ask your attention to the thought of that poverty of spirit that we to-day can see to be essential to the blessed life.

What are poverty and wealth? We see them to be, at once, not absolute terms but always relative. Whether a man is counted rich or

poor depends upon the community in which he lives. The rich man of some little village, who feels that he has enough and to spare, comes into the great city, and immediately he has ceased to be rich, he is but one of a struggling multitude. Not only comparing one with another do we find the terms "rich" and "poor" relative; but going farther we find that the terms refer to an end. We say that the rich man is a *man of means*, the poor man is in straitened circumstances, with limited means. We have here a distinct relation between means and ends. The man with sufficient means, or more than sufficient, to attain his ends feels himself to be rich; the man with insufficient means feels himself to be poor.

Now it does not matter very much what the means at one's disposal may absolutely be; they are measursd by the object in view. Has the man the means at his disposal to do all that he would? We find people who seem to have surplus means; they have no need of prudence, they do not understand the meaning of frugality, they have no need of planning so that they may make as much as possible out of their resources.

In speaking of persons having more money than they know what to do with, we think first of the millionaires. But these are not the only people in this condition.

In a western mining camp I have seen, after the monthly pay day, the whole population in one wild revel. They had more money than they knew what to do with, and simply threw away what they had earned. So with the sailor coming back from a long voyage; he finds that only by days of wastefulness can he make up for his enforced frugality. We speak of the extravagance of the newly rich. It is because their desires have not kept pace with their ability. They have more than they know how to use. On the other hand, we find persons whom, at first, we might call rich, but who are continually in straitened circumstances.

It has become a proverb, that every institution of learning that amounts to anything is chronically poor. Of necessity it is poor if it keeps before it its real object. Once in a while we see institutions which have grown rich, have increased in goods, whose officers hardly know how to use the income which is theirs to expend. We ask the reason for it, and find it to be that such institutions have been endowed for some purpose which has been outgrown. The monasteries which have for centuries received benefactions were, in the sixteenth century, enormously and dangerously rich. They had endowments that men knew not how to use; they had been started for a purpose which was no longer vital; they became simply institutions for indulgence, excuses for wastefulness; and because of this, in the reforming age they were overthrown. The great universities of to-day that keep pace with the thought and needs of the times have no such surplus; they are compelled to the most painstaking economy in order to do their work. Thus, while millions may be theirs there is a use for it all, and more. The missionary society which is rich is one that is bankrupt already in faith and purpose; it is no longer ministering to any real need.

Men who are trying to do the work that people to-day demand are poor because they have not the means to do all that they see ought to be done.

Tennyson, in his younger and more radical days, spoke scornfully of the country squires, who "had mildewed on their millions doing nothing, since Egbert." They were men who had no great ideal before them, and therefore had surplus means; they had the riches which are always dangerous. But let the owner of large estates be inspired by a large purpose, and he feels at once his poverty. George Peabody was not rich enough to do all that his philanthropic spirit desired. To house the poor of London, to help the weak and ignorant of America, this was a task too great for any one man. His wealth was but a drop in the bucket.

What Jesus says to us is that it is not the man who feels himself rich, and who acts as if he had superabundant means at his disposal, but the man who always feels himself to be poor because he is attempting a task too great for him, who is living the blessed life. He is happy, for he is the growing man.

It is a very hard lesson for us to learn, but it is necessary that we should learn it,—that progress does not depend upon our volition so much

as upon necessity. There is a certain pressure put upon us before we do our best; we have to be driven out from our self-complacency before we take any step onward. At first the pressure comes as a physical necessity. Industry, frugality, temperance,—these fundamental virtues have been learned just because they must be learned. As this physical necessity becomes less felt among those whom we call the more favoured classes, there is bound to be degeneracy unless some other kind of necessity takes its place.

Ignorant and well-to-do men grow sordid and slothful, and at length are brutalised through their very prosperity.

There have been nations that have not been able to survive when the means of life have become easier to attain. It was a true philosophy in the old Hebrew prophet, who, speaking of Sodom as the sad type of a corrupt city, said: "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom,—pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness."

The effect of all the best and highest education, spiritual and intellectual, is to bring the men who have escaped from the pressure of physical need to feel the pressure of a higher necessity. "I have a baptism," Jesus said, "to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." To do his best, man must feel the pressure of necessity upon him, must see before him some great object, must feel hunger, and thirst, and infinite desire; he must see that, doing all that he can, he is unable to do what he would. This pressure keeps him always at his best, keeps him true to himself; leaves no room for idleness, no possibility for degeneracy.

The higher temperance comes with the higher emotions that are born within the soul. "He that striveth for the mastery," Paul says, "is temperate in all things." I think that all of us see how absolutely true it is that when there comes to us the real purpose of life, the powers of life seem inadequate.

The artists have always told that their happiest days were the days when as poor youths, yet rich in ambition, they had struggled for something ideal, which seemed then unattainable; they have confessed that the decline came with dull satisfaction, when men said that they had succeeded and they believed it. Genius is always poor in spirit; it takes its place on the road, trudging manfully on towards the goal, while the commonplace spirit rests content where it is. Mediocrity may be attained; but those who love the perfect always see it far beyond and above them. It is this blessed poverty which belongs to all those whose ideals outrun their performance. It is a poverty of spirit which characterises the—

> "Olympian bards who sang
> Divine ideas below,
> Which always find us young
> And always keep us so."

When we feel ourselves sufficient for our task, that very self-complacency is proof that it is not a great task to which we have given ourselves. When we dedicate ourselves to the high service of God and truth, we do not feel that we have any superfluous powers.

The history of the decadence of religion was never told in fewer words than those in which the Spirit spoke to the church that felt itself rich and increased in goods, and having need of nothing. It was but another way of saying that it was an institution without a sufficient purpose, without a sufficient reason for being. Think, if you will, of our real purpose to bring true humility and righteousness into the world, to give the things of the Spirit, not to the few, but to the many, to mediate between the conflicting interests and classes, to declare the peace of God in the battlefield of the world. Think, if you will, of the mission which Jesus proclaimed: "to preach the gospel to the poor, to set at liberty the captive;" then compare the means with the ends. How meagre they are; how poor we all are.

He who feels himself to be rich cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, he cannot understand its meaning. He who enters it must enter it as Jesus did, as his disciples entered it, knowing how much greater the thing he would do is than the thing he can do. Blessed is the man who dedicates his all to some high service, feeling how insufficient is all that he gives. Blessed is the man who, entering upon a new life, feels himself straitened continually.

Life is not long enough for the task, there is not strength enough, there are not means to do

all the work he would. He cannot afford to waste anything. Putting forth all his strength, he feels the need of power greater than his own; and there comes that blessed humility, God's gift to the poor, which belongs to every one who even from afar has caught some vision of God's kingdom.

Some Customs and Ceremonials of the Greek Church.

By Edith Weston Andrews.

Among the crowds of people coming and going in "wide-wayed Athens," a name as appropriate to the modern city as to the Athens of Homer's day, one notices every now and then groups of divinity students in their plain black robes, round brimless hats, and their abundant hair falling to the shoulders. More often still one sees the priests themselves, tall, serious-faced, muscular men, with long patriarchal beards, and their long hair bobbed up behind their heads in a coil, upon which their high hats rest. Simple men from humble parentage for the most part, not overburdened with education, and with little or no recognised social position except when they rise to the dignity of bishop; yet they are earnest and manly and devoted to their work and to their country, for which they fought with a will in the struggle for freedom, as the history of modern Greece will show.

The heavy, over-fed, over-indulged faces which one sees so often among the priests of the Catholic Church in Southern Italy are quite lacking here. One wonders if the sanctioning of marriage among the clergy of the Greek Church has anything to do with this. Matrimony is said to have a beneficial and chastening effect upon the moral character; and at least it is more pleasant to see the sturdy little sons of the priests here assisting their fathers in the responses, proud of their importance and respected, than to hear of the son of a cardinal at Rome who is paid five francs a day to keep silence concerning his illustrious parentage.

A bishop may not be a married man, though he may be a widower; and the others must marry, if they wish to do so at all, before becoming officiating priests.

The churches here, especially the beautiful Byzantine ones still existing, are small; and the floors covered with rugs give them a homelike air, lacking in the more spacious churches of Italy.

During service hours a priest stands at the door of the church with a crucifix in one hand, which the faithful kiss, and in the other a spray of laurel which he dips into the basin of holy water and sprinkles on each forehead. Here, also, you leave a few pence for the poor, thus avoiding the passing of contribution boxes during service. Within, the attentive audience stands throughout the mass, which lasts from a half to a whole hour.

All eyes are turned toward the beautiful, high golden screen, through the door of which the worshippers look upon the high altar and the mysteries of the holy of holies. Two priests clothed in simple white linen robes, their long beards and hair giving them the appearance of the prophets of old, as well as their slow, dignified movements, perform the mass. With deep, sonorous voices, they intone in the rich Greek language, while from above low baritone voices sing the responses in the strange harmonious music of the ancient Byzantine Church,—music so full of deep religious feeling and power that one blushes with shame at a remembrance of the light, frivolous tunes with which our Protestant Churches often praise their Creator.

Passing through the golden screen, the priests approach the high altar, and, after prostrating themselves, arise and reverentially partake of the sacrament. Through the misty veil of incense their white figures shine with an unreal light, and the dull gold of the high altar sends forth a mysterious radiance which is repeated in the golden goblet containing the sacred wine. It is a beautiful picture, a glimpse of a mystery beyond the touch of man,—the mystery of the inexpressible unknown, "which is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

One of the most interesting services is a christening, and one of great importance. The demand for godfathers is unceasing, especially among the poor; and one distinguished man here performed that office four hundred times during his lifetime. And, now that he has gone to reap the reward of all his kindly acts, his

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son, a young student, has the mantle fall upon his shoulders; and he does his duty with a dignity and kindliness which would be difficult to find among our students, were they forced into such a trying position. An immense copper bowl on a standard, with repoussé designs of the Greek cross ornamenting it, stands in the middle of the room. The godfather arrives, bringing as a gift the whole christening outfit for the baby,—the dress, the under-linen, shoes, cap, coat, a golden cross, a fancy candle, and a bottle of oil. The priests, accompanied by half a dozen small boys, begin to chant, and the baby, clothed in its ordinary attire, is brought in and laid in the arms of the godfather. A servant then brings in jugs of hot and cold water, with which one of the priests proceeds to fill the bowl, testing the temperature until it seems to him right, and it is well for the poor child that the Greek priest is a family man who understands the art of preparing a test for his own infants. The baby, meantime, is carried out and wholly undressed, and brought back again to the arms of his godfather, who holds him while the water is being several times blessed; and then he gives him to the priest, who gently lets him down into the water, chanting all the time. The oil is then blessed, the godfather rolls up his sleeves, and, when the priest has lifted the baby from the water, pours the oil over the head and body, rubbing it well into every joint. This being accomplished, the baby is put into the water again for a second dip, and then, dripping wet, he is put on a big bath towel in the godfather's arms, who proceeds to dry him well with the assistance of the fatherly priest. The sign of the cross is made over the child's body in sacred oil, and a tiny lock of his scanty hair is cut off from his head by the priest as the only offering the child can give to his Maker at that early stage of his career. The nurse next carries the baby out, and soon returns with him clothed in all his christening finery, to be borne by the godfather three times around the great bowl, the priests swinging censor of incense before them, and then taken, blessed and christened and sanctified, to the mother, who is not allowed to be present during the ceremony. The priests, exhausted by their labours, sink into chairs and wipe their moist brows. The mother and father appear, and offer them coffee, liquors, and sweets, as well as to the guests; while the indefatigable godfather presents every one with a tiny silver crucifix with a blue ribbon, which you pin on your gown like a cotillion favour. To the children pennies are given. So, you see, to have been godfather four hundred times means not only a good many hours out of one's life, but a good many francs out of one's pocket as well.

The weddings are pretty ceremonies, full of symbols of ancient date. The priests, clad in bright-coloured silk vestments, stand about a table in the middle of the church, on which are a copy of the Evangel, often bound in silver covers as beautifully wrought as if from the hand of a Cellini, two wreaths of artificial orange blossoms, two long fancy candles adorned with streamers of white ribbons and orange blossoms, and a glass of wine. The bride and groom stand before the table, the best man at the right of the groom, the decorated candles are lighted, and given to each of them, while the priests hold ordinary ones. First one and then another priest chants the marriage service, holding up the Evangel to be kissed by bride and groom, as well as the best man. A priest then takes the two rings, and with them makes the sign of the cross three times on each forehead before putting them on their respective fingers. The best man then takes them off again, and passes them from one to another three times as a symbol of unity in all their earthly goods. The two wreaths, which are fastened together in the back by long streamers, are next blessed and put one on the head of the groom and another on the bride's head. These the best man also exchanges from one to another three times. After the wine is blessed, it is given first to the man to drink and then to the woman; and, this being concluded, the couple, followed by the best man, walk three times about the table. The number three, representing the Trinity, is used in every action. This last custom was in ancient days a dance of joy; but, modern ideas having crept into even the Greek church, conservative as it is, the gay dance is now a solemn promenade made under great difficulties, as the bride and groom are clasping hands, while

in their free hands they carry the tall lighted candles; and the united wreaths necessitate their heads moving together, which may also be symbolic of nuptial unity.

The funerals here are impressive, but for a custom which shocks new-comers as well as many of the Greeks themselves. The dead are carried from the house to the church on a flat, open bier wholly exposed to the view of the passers-by, without even a veil to conceal the face. I am told that among the peasants, so anxious are they to make the ghastly sight more life-like and attractive, they rouge the cheeks and the lips. This strange custom, instead of being, as one might expect, a very ancient one, dates back to only about the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Turks held sway over Greece, and the Greeks were plotting their overthrow. In order to get guns and powder into the town, they were smuggled into coffins side by side with the dead; and, when at last this was discovered by the Turks, they passed an ordinance that all dead should be carried uncovered in the streets. One wonders that a custom imposed by an enemy so hated as the Turks should not have been immediately dropped when freedom was once more their lot. Immense wreaths of flowers, natural and artificial, always violet and white, are carried high in the air on long poles at the head of the procession, and a priest follows with the crucifix, to which every head is bowed and every hand makes the sign of the cross. Other priests, chanting in low voices, precede the body, borne on the shoulders of several men, and followed by the mourners on foot or in carriages. A bishop is given all the military honours of a general at his death, the cavalry and artillery following the bier, while the body, clothed in its official robes, is carried along seated in the episcopal chair, preceded and followed by priests. There is one cemetery in which Catholics, Protestants and members of the Greek Church lie side by side in peace and harmony, all their petty differences forgotten in the solemnity of death,—an example of tolerance to other religions. Indeed, the Greek Church is liberal in many ways, seldom objecting to one of its members marrying one of another faith, and never interfering afterward, their only remark being, "Are we not, then, all Christians in the eyes of God?"

"Votes for Women."

By Elizabeth Robins, at the Court Theatre.

A Woman's Impression.

If the Woman's Suffrage movement had produced nothing else than this play, women would yet owe it a debt of gratitude. Emerging with wet eyes and a profoundly stirred heart from the theatre, where the whole tragedy of the struggle of womanhood towards the light in the face of misunderstanding and ridicule seems to be compressed into some of "Vida Levering's" burning speeches, one wonders if the title of the play is not very like the attempt to fit a lion into a mouse's skin. What can the possession of votes do to reform the eternal tragedy of the mother-heart in woman, baffled by the more transitory and shallower instincts of man? The utmost it can do is to create a greater economic independence among women, and a juster administration of the law by a potential jury of "their peers."

But the root of the tragedy portrayed with that intensity of feeling, that only a woman could have infused into it, would remain untouched. And the noble and touching part of this play appears to me to consist of the way in which it is shown, with infinite skill, that it isn't the hardness of heart in men so much as their blindness and blundering which accounts for the tragedies in the lives of such women as Vida Levering, and of all those in whom the mother-sense is strongly developed. To such, the memory of a little child, who has not even drawn breath, may act as an insuperable barrier between them and the man once loved, since the essence of the woman's love is sacrifice, and that of the man self-gratification. It seems, therefore, as if marriage, whatever its faults and limitations, were a wonderful effort of evolution to equalise matters: to secure at least the care and protection of the man after the woman has passed through the "dark hour," of bringing fresh life into the world, so nobly and beautifully touched upon by Vida Levering in her speech to the Trafalgar Square mob. When this care and protection are lacking, we have the "Vidas" of life, but some of

them, by a sublime law of compensation, as in the instance before us, find their hearts growing wider and softer towards all the women and children of the world, so that they take, with a pathetic unconsciousness of its inadequacy, to such a "cause" as Woman's Suffrage, with a heedlessness of ridicule which shows the true martyr-glow within them.

All unconsciously, Miss Elizabeth Robins has, I think, set Woman's Suffrage against such a background of deep and primitive and tender feeling, that the inherent shallowness of the remedy proposed has never been so clearly exhibited. Why, otherwise, is it that the only argument of the female orators which subdues the silly "roughs" and loafers of Trafalgar Square into hushed and reverent acquiescence, should be that of motherhood—the reminder that some woman has suffered deeply in order that each one of the said roughs and loafers may exist? They do not laugh at *this*: they realise, in their blind and blundering way, that such a sacrifice is great and beautiful, just as the spoilt child of fortune, Geoffrey Stonor, realises in *his* more educated, but still blind and blundering way, that it is great and beautiful, when he is confronted with the woman whose life he has darkened, and consequently feels that the only reparation he can make is to protect others of her sisters against similar unhappiness. After sounding these depths of feeling, emphasizing the eternal difference between woman and man, it seems something of an anti-climax to regard the fate of woman as bound up with anything so external as law and politics. One is rather inclined to think that, as a detail in the general advisability of justice, it is right that women should be able to vote, but one is more disposed to "enter into one's closet and shut the door" and pray that man's eyes may be opened (in those cases where it is needed—for to the noble man this play must be fully as painful as it is to a woman) to the priceless boon of woman's love, with its inheritance of purity and sacrifice from past generations of mothers, and its future of hope and unfailing love for the generations of men and women yet unborn.

Beside this change of heart, turning the Best that is in woman into the motive power of a man's life, Woman's Suffrage, and its consequences, would seem of small concern. The unwritten law would soon mould the written one, in all senses, to its standard. Whether it were the working-woman, with her pale, eager face, who has "nussed seven," or the graceful single-hearted girl, in whom the recital of her sister's wrongs stirs a greater passion than that of her own happiness, the men who loved these women as they deserve would cease to be the makers of unjust laws, and the cry, "Votes for Women!" would come, if at all, from man, entreating woman to help him in the "management of the house," of which, as the working-woman truly says, he has frequently made such a muddle.

But whether he is likely to see and acknowledge this Best in woman by her placing the possession of a vote higher than much which she has already, is a problem one cannot help revolving as the curtain falls.

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

The Function of Music.

"*Sing, O heaven, and be joyful, O earth, and break forth into singing, O ye mountains.*"

THERE can be no doubt that music, the youngest of the fine arts, is destined to play a part of increasing importance in life and religion as the years roll on. There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough: but music goes beyond words. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our hearts, to the very core and root of our souls. We call it, and rightly so, the language of the emotions. Music soothes us, stirs us up; it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears—we know not how; it sets every nerve and fibre tingling with excitement—we know not why. It is a speech by itself, just as powerful and perfect as words.

I have lately been in South Wales visiting some of our Welsh Churches, and I have been immensely impressed by the part music takes in the religious life of the Welsh people. The congregations I visited were mostly composed of miners and labourers, and it seemed to me that they came to church really and chiefly

to sing their hymns, and that it was the influence of music, the emotion stirred by music, which was the most valued element in their worship. Certainly the sermon and the lessons were quite secondary. The fervour of the singing was wonderful. Every now and then it went through one, like an electric shock. It wasn't very polished or artistic; there was little or no attention to light and shade, but the power and passion of the thing were unmistakable. They have no idea of letting a choir do the singing for them; the whole congregation is a choir. So common is the knowledge of Tonic Solfa that you may hear the four parts rising from all over the place. And I wished that some of my dear, respectable friends who never open their mouths in church had been present to be electrified with me, and carried out of themselves by the tide of feeling set flowing through the music.

I agree with the musical critic who says that the immediate object of music is to give pleasure. Art in itself is neither moral nor immoral, its morality turns upon its administration, on the use to which it is devoted, and so on. If it gives pleasure it is legitimate. He who goes to a concert as he would to a sermon shows that he neither appreciates good music nor good preaching. He who goes for the pleasure of the thing, to have his imagination quickened, and his parched feelings refreshed as by the falling of summer rain—who goes to *re-create* his emotional nature, is preparing himself by-and-by to be a good listener to the sermon. He who knows something of the joy of music carries about with him a perpetual fount of pleasure. He who has listened with open ears to Mozart, Mendelssohn, Bach, to say nothing of living composers, comes out into the common world, and finds everything glorified. In the language of Emerson, he sees in every dusty thoroughfare—

> Retinues of Kings,
> Skirts of angels, starry wings,
> His fathers shining in bright fables,
> His children fed at heavenly tables,
> 'Tis the privilege of art
> Thus to play its cheerful part.

But now, dwell for a moment on a yet more important feature of music than the giving of pleasure. Notice the bearing of this emotional language on human life. It is a law of sociology —to put it no higher—that there is a direct connection and a constant ratio between conduct and feeling. Knowledge alone does not produce action nor greatly influence conduct. In a land and age like this everyone knows clearly enough what line of conduct should be avoided, and what should be observed; yet thousands constantly fail because their knowledge is not made operative by emotion. They do not feel strongly about the things which are so clear to the mental eye. They know well enough the difference between good and evil, and right and wrong, but their curse is that they neither love the one nor hate the other. In these days there are thousands of perishing souls who yet do not perish for lack of knowledge. They know perfectly well what should be done. What they lack is motive power, impulse, strength of feeling. It is never the knowledge which is the moving agent in conduct, but it is always the feeling that goes along with that knowledge, or is excited by it.

Now anything which breaks up the hard crust of indifference, anything which stimulates feeling, which wakes the sleeping emotions into power, must in the end facilitate action, and help forward the achievement of good. These vague feelings of delight, these indefinite impressions of an unknown, ideal life which music arouses, that rush of mingled emotion which fills the soul in listening to some great work of musical art, not only takes away for the moment from the dulness and commonplace of life, not only refreshes the tired brain, and re-creates the weary heart, but is so much fuel stored up, which by-and-by shall help to make knowledge operative and give motive power to conduct. That which makes our emotions more susceptible gives to action stimulus and inspiration. It may be objected that the rousing of emotion which does not *immediately* pass out into action is a morbid, enervating, and unhealthy thing. That is an objection which would banish at once the drama, the novel, the poem. It is very rarely that these things arouse, or point, to any *immediate* duty, yet inasmuch as they raise the tone of thought, and give us nobler conceptions of life, they make us more capable when the duty comes. Sooner or later feeling must pass out into action, but the

immediate result need not be at all manifest in the conduct of life. The good of a good dinner does not end with itself, but ministers to bodily well-being. But this is done not by any measurable strength added then and there to the hand, or swiftness to the foot, but by a subtly diffused energy enabling the man to do his work with ease and efficiency. So the emotions roused by music do not end with themselves: they appear again after many days in sweet and subtle ways, making action easier and filling life with more of that passion which transforms knowledge into deeds. Look at the rain coming down on the parched, barren ground to make it moist and susceptible. Is that all the rain does? Not so. Rain is most potential, not while it is yet rain, nor yet when it is in the moist ground, wooing the seeds out of their horny shells, but it is most potential years after, when it is in the lion's paw, when it is in the foot of the deer, when it is in the hand and brain of man. So the power of music does not pass away with the passing emotion, but lives on in a heart made more susceptible; lives on, an invisible latent force, giving to conduct its potency, and to knowledge its conquering power. We need not be afraid of the emotions which are called forth by the spell of music, because they do not instantly inspire action. The man himself is stronger and more capable of action because of the rain and sunshine, the joy and the hope which filled him with such delight. Thus music ministers to the highest welfare of man, and is one of the most important of the agencies of religion.

JOSEPH WOOD.

Prayer to God.

AN Egyptian prayer on a papyrus roll reads: "Let me, O Lord, go among thy children for evermore. I have committed no theft; I have refrained from fraud and lying; I have maintained reverence for God and law; I have praised thy countenance, thou Sacred Being! God! Lord of time! I have loved thy servants: I have brought abundant sacrifices into the house of worship." A great deal of public prayer at the present day consists of praising God, as if it were a satisfaction to Deity and worthy of recompense. At least, we are likely to make our prayers a leverage for mercy and forgiveness. A Hindu prayer of three thousand years before Jesus exclaims: "Let us not yet enter into the house of clay. Have mercy, Almighty! have mercy! I have gone wrong through want of thought! Have mercy! O thou wise God! Art Lord of all heavens and earth! Oh, listen on thy way!" Is the modern prayer essentially different in spirit? In plain words, is not prayer used as a means of influencing God? Cover it with metaphors and roses of speech, yet this is the commonly accepted purport of addressing Deity. The Governor of Kansas invited all the people to unite in asking God to put an end to a drought, which in 1902 was burning up the crops of the State. If this be the true object of prayer, we are involved in the serious difficulty of finding two equally devout Christians praying for directly opposite results. In this way, religion gets to be, as Socrates as it, a way of doing business with the gods. The man whose business is in bad shape prays for success in his enterprises. The shiftless man prays for a world where he will get on without thrift. The man whose sins trouble him prays not only for forgiveness, but also that the consequences of his sins may be blotted out. Prayer is a means, a power to persuade God to help or to do. Selfishness exalts this power until it seems to be sacred. It becomes profane to reason about it.

Is there a more rational basis for prayer? Has not modern philosophy so broadened the reign of law that there is larger room for prayer? Is there any fact of modern science more universally affecting thought and life than the declaration of the immanence of Life and Love and Purpose of Power, toward which we bear the relation of children? From the standpoint of modern thought, prayer becomes a personal effort to get at the spirit of nature, the God Life. It is not a lever to move and control that spirit, but a pure aspiration to understand him. Association makes character. To be with God is to become godly. The effect is primarily a moral upward movement in ourselves. The effort to know the good gives power to be good. The moral effect of divine

communings opens a whole inner world to us, so that it seems to be but a poor life that deals only with material facts. The voluntary personal relation thus established with the divine power opens a channel into our souls, through which God can radiate his love and his strength. The sun must get at the eye by the will of the eye-owner. God can expand the soul with spiritual life and beauty only as the owner of the spirit wills to establish personal relations with God. This relation established makes us not only a child of God by our heredity, but also by our own aspirations. Prayer becomes the family tie, the fellow-feeling, an expression of the hope, tenderness, love, honour, goodwill of the family of the redeemed.

Such prayer has a clarifying influence on reason and on will, giving us as the true end of life right character, and not mere happiness or knowledge. Yet, looked at a little deeper, we find that such prayer does have an influence on the outer universe. It makes our relations to nature different in character; for by the single eye, by looking with high motives in our souls, *things* are transformed as well as purposes. Physical nature is what we can see, and no two men see the same thing alike. A landscape is not the same thing to a poet and to a sensualist. The whole world to one man may be a bestial trough from which to feed; to another man it may be the true, the beautiful, and the good. Right prayer affects nature in another way, for the aspiring soul creates an atmosphere in which is generated health. Religion first works within us, and then makes heavens without us. Hell is the lack of aspiration; heaven is the abode of an upward looker.

If modern science has anything positive to say of the universe, it is to assert its improvableness. Evolution, not completion, is the universal law. In such a system a noble human will has a chance. Human wishes or prayer may work along the line of the Infinite Purpose or against. If with him, we are learning to be prayerful in the right way, to will with God. If against him, then we are atheistic or infidel—infidel to our natural power to help, unfaithful to our ability to do right and to increase the general moral conditions of the world. So, then, we may say that the scientific nature of prayer is upward looking and the fitting of our minds to receive God's influence into our souls. Prayer, exalted to its true place, is the effort of a child seeking to know its Father, a reaching out after the Soul of things.

The simple fact is that we have been learning to give up the idea of going into another world to find God. The realm in which to find him is the inner realm of to-day. His home, his kingdom, his presence, is within us. There is no mystery or artificial supernaturalism about it. Nothing is more plain than the road of good wishing and holy seeking. The sublimest fact made known by the most profound investigations of nature is this, that the Soul of the Universe is open to the simplest desire of the simplest good wisher. We have never got beyond, nor shall we ever get away from the simple aspiration, Our Father who art in the heavens.

At Sleepy Time.

"Oh dear!" the little Tin Soldier cried,
"I've marched this whole day long.
Though my gun is heavy and hard to hold,
And my legs are far from strong.

"And now I should like to take some rest;
It certainly can't be right
To expect a veteran like myself
To stand on guard all night."

The little Toy Horse, in great distress,
Called: "Who will attend to me?
I want to be put in a nice neat stall,
And be given some oats for tea.

"I've been to the market-town and back
To-day at my fastest trot;
And now I am lying upside down
With my harness tied in a knot."

Cried Jack-in-a-box "I've jumped and bounced
Till I'm quite worn out to-night
Will somebody please shut up my house,
And fasten the roof down tight?"

I'm hoarse as a crow!" said the Barking Dog;
"I'm tired!" sighed the Woolly Sheep;
"We are all of us that," cried Jumping Jack,
"And we need some rest and sleep.

"We would like to go to our beds at once,
And shut up our eyes quite tight.
Will our dear little master please to come
And settle us all for the night?"

But it was Mamma who put them up
In a row on the nursery shelf;
For never a word the Master heard,—
He was fast asleep himself!

Ellen Manley.

Notes and Jottings.

It is curious how short are the memories and how narrow are the interests of men. It is not long since we were all discussing the Scotch Church Case; but Englishmen seem to have already forgotten all about the triumph of the Wee Frees, and the rude shock they gave to those who affect to ignore the legal and moral obligations of doctrinal trust deeds But over the border this discussion is still hot.

* * * * * *

On the occasion of two recent visits to Scotland, I found that talk gravitates inevitably to the topic of creed-revision. The *Glasgow Herald* has been full of it for weeks. Saturday after Saturday there appeared articles from the leading preachers and theologians, and the series concluded with a powerful pronouncement, on Fee Catholic lines, from Dr. John Hunter, which was noticed by the *Inquirer*.

* * * * * *

The *Glasgow Herald* is to be warmly congratulated on the enterprise it has shown in publishing these articles. Amid all the preoccupation of our pushing commercial age with material interests, religion remains for all serious men the one dominating reality, the one pearl of great price. The words of Browning are still profoundly true.

* * * * * *

"Religion's all or nothing; it's no mere smile
O' contentment, sign of aspiration, sir—
No quality o' the finelier tempered clay
Like its whiteness or its lightness; rather, stuff
O' the very stuff; life of life, and self of self.
I tell you, men won't notice. When they do
They'll understand."

* * * * * *

Yet they do notice more than we think, and perhaps understand a good deal, especially in Scotland.

* * * * * *

Following upon these articles on Creed-Revision comes a discussion on the prospects of Church Union. Ecclesiastical interest in Scotland is focussed on the forthcoming meetings, when the subject will be opened. Those who profess to know the local situation are hopeful that a union of the various Presbyterian Churches on a simplified creed is already within the range of practical politics.

* * * * * *

It would seem that there is about to begin in the religious world a movement towards combination analogous to what already exists in the commercial world. There the smaller traders are being crushed out by the big Trusts. The time may come when attempts will be made to "freeze out" the small sects. Indeed, the Evangelical Free Church Council has already tried to freeze out the only body —our own—which is not merely politically but doctrinally entitled to the term "Free Church."

* * * * * *

But whatever ecclesiastical "Trusts" the future may organise there will always be room among the competitive religious systems, for an undogmatic church. In view of this great break-up of dogma and of our modern religious unrest, I believe the future will be entirely favourable to such a church. But in order to hold its own and make headway in the teeth of the combined antagonisms of orthodoxy and infidelity, it must first be firmly organised. The day of ecclesiastical individualism is gone by. Manchesterism and Whiggism are as obsolete in the religious as in the political world. This means that our churches must federate more closely, and be fearless to organise themselves into one compact body.

* * * * * *

I was speaking a few weeks ago to some of our "Liberal orthodox" friends. The conversation turned on the possibility of pulpit exchanges and more brotherly intercourse. Then one of them said to me, "Yes, your churches may have something to gain from contact with evangelical life; but what possible gain can we derive from you?" He proceeded to point out that he could preach any "heresy" he pleased under the flag of orthodoxy: that he was as "advanced" as any one in our own churches, and that he had the happiness to have the great momentum of a great denomination behind him.

* * * * * *

But another liberal orthodox man said rather sadly. "Yes, we have everything except an open trust and a free conscience"—

and then he added, "that is your most glorious gift, not any mere theology—Unitarianism or what not—but just this inheritance of a really Free Faith; if you concentrated on *that*, if you made *that* undogmatic Christianity your distinctive principle and not a mere 'ism, you would sweep the country."

* * * * * *

Well, I am not so sure about sweeping the country. It isnt so easily swept, for the theological rubbish in it is thick and penetrating as dust in summer. But I am convinced that this speaker was right in saying that our great chance as a body is in standing not for any "'ism,"—but for a Free and undogmatic Christianity. If we made this our distinctive departure, freedom not dogma, inclusion not exclusion, catholicity not sectarianism, we should have something really inspiring and fruitful to live and work for. Men are nauseated with creeds; but let us not forget that they are equally nauseated with 'isms.

* * * * * *

The Rev. L. P. Jacks has returned from America, highly pleased with his reception there, and with the progress which the "Hibbert" is making on the other side of the pond. In an interview—has any prominent Englishman ever succeeded in returning to England without being interviewed?—Mr. Jacks has been repeating his commendations of the world and his criticisms of the Church. For my part I neither think "the world" so good nor "the Church" so bad as Mr. Jacks seems to love to make out. On the subject of the "trained theologian" and the religious expert, however, I rejoice to find myself at one with the Editor of the *Hibbert*. Here is a capital quotation from his remarks.

* * * * * *

"A man . . makes a name by deciphering a Hittite inscription. Forthwith some university makes him a D.D., and after that he is supposed to speak *ex cathedra* on religion, while all the time the man may have no more idea of what religion means than a whale. Yes, this is the spirit which objects to Mr. Campbell that he is not a trained theologian. . . . . Trained theology of that sort has very little influence in the religious life of to-day. It is a department of antiquarian research. Its place is the museum, not the Church. It is about as much use to the men who are grappling with the awful problems of life as a treatise on the Roman trireme would be to the captain of a liner in the height of an Atlantic gale."

* * * * * *

If only it might be permitted us to go to Dr. Fairbairn or Dr. Forsyth and offer him this delicious criticism generously and with both hands! Men have died for a meaner privilege.

J. M. Lloyd-Thomas.

Freedom's Fortress.

Free men alone are they who do the right,
For liberty obedience is to law;
And they who from this service sweet withdraw
Are made the slaves of a stern tyrant's might.
To serve within our place and in God's sight,
To keep our lives unstained and without flaw,
To walk in humbleness and holy awe,
Is to be clothed with freedom as with light.
The truth, the blessed Saviour said, makes free;
And they who do the right, the truth shall know,
And only they are sons of liberty;
No laws of man the heavenly gift bestow;
The soul is freedom's fort by God's decree,
Which naught but our misdeeds can overthrow.

John Lancaster Spalding.

More brain, O Lord, more brain, or we shall mar utterly the fair guerdon we might win.—*George Meredith.*

A noisy success is the one thing that counts now-a-days. And it is impossible to win such success without the co-operation of certain ignoble qualities.—*M. Cholmondley.*

There are two atmospheres in which you may work, the atmosphere of trust and the atmosphere of worry. The atmosphere of trust is a religious atmosphere, and the atmosphere of worry is a worldly atmosphere. —*George Macdonald.*

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Children's Page.

AN AWKWARD LADDIE.

NEARLY a hundred years ago a stout, freckle-faced, awkward boy of eighteen years, dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of a humble cottage in Northern England, and asked to see the village schoolmaster. When that person appeared, the boy said very modestly, "I would like to attend your evening school, sir."

"And what do you wish to study?" asked the teacher, roughly.

"I want to learn to read and write, sir," answered the lad.

The schoolmaster glanced at the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully, and said, "Very well, you may attend; but an awkward, bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing something else than learning his letters." Then he closed the door in the lad's face.

This boy was the son of the fireman of a pumping engine in a Northumberland colliery. His birthplace was a hovel with a clay floor, mud walls, and bare rafters. When he was five years old, he began to work for his living, by herding cows in the daytime, and barring up the gates at night. As he grew older, he was set to picking stones from the coal, and after that to driving a horse which drew coal from the pit. He went half-fed and half-clothed.

When he called at the school-house, he was plugman of a pumping engine, and though he knew nothing of reading or writing, he had studied the engine until he had a complete knowledge of the machine. He was able to take it apart, and make any ordinary repairs.

Not discouraged by the advice given him by the schoolmaster, he made application and attended the evening school. At the end of about two years he had learned all this school could teach him. He conceived the plan of constructing a steam-engine. It took him a long time; but at the age of forty he had constructed several engines, and was known as a successful and energetic engineer, and was called upon to build long and difficult lines of railroad.

But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Everybody laughed at him. Some thought he was crazy. One gentleman, who considered himself very wise, said to him: "Suppose you invent an engine capable of running nine or ten miles an hour, and suppose, while it is running, a cow should stray upon the track. Will not that be a very awkward circumstance?"

"I should think it might be very awkward—for the cow," he answered.

Well, he succeeded in making his locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool it attained to the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour. By making certain improvements, this same engine, the Rocket, was made to attain the speed of thirty miles an hour. People laughed no longer, but admired.

He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and wealth flowed upon him. Philosophers sought his friendship. His king offered him knighthood, but he preferred to remain plain George Stephenson.

THE MEADOWS OF THE SKY.

I hear the robins singing,
And the south wind softly sigh,
As I gaze up from my window
To the meadows of the sky.

The star sheep there are grazing,
With the star lambs by their side,
And the shepherd moon is guarding
O'er the meadows large and wide.

And through those spacious meadows
A lane goes curving by,
And it leadeth to the sheepfold
Of the meadows in the sky.

ELIZABETH Q. BOLLES.

LITTLE Arthur, aged three, was a notorious little runaway. On being asked his name, he always insisted that it was Baby. "But," said I one day, "what does mamma call you?" He replied with great earnestness, "Arfur-tum-here!"

The Outward and the Inward.

THE life is more than met. The kingdom of God is not an economic condition: it is a spiritual renewal. It is not anthracite coal, and warm bodies and comfortable houses, and freedom from anxiety and care, and foreign travel and congenial surroundings. If we seek first the kingdom of God, at least enough of these things shall be added to us to supply our pressing needs and make our lot tolerable. But the kingdom of God itself is righteousness, and the peace that flows from that, and joy in the Holy Spirit; that is, in the inner and higher and finer experiences and meanings of life.

Let us make our care not just for furniture and houses, but for homes; not for money, but for the greatest good that money can do; not for health and strength, but for the noblest service that health and strength can perform; not for work, but for the motive and aim that make work worth while; not for an education, but for the wider opportunity for usefulness and the opening of deeper springs of enjoyment made possible by education; not for leisure, but for the better uses of leisure, the command it gives of the means for cultivating the finer and inexhaustible riches of life; not for power, but for the dedication of power to the securing of a more abundant life to all who share our labours and our triumphs.

All the forces of the world we live in and of the life that is ours, from the brute forces of physical nature to the refined forces of intellectual culture, are useful in the highest point of view only as they are made to build up and strengthen and purify the human spirit, and are not allowed to tyrannize over it.

It is through the true and worthy use of earthly good that the kingdom of God may be made to come. But to make the earthly good itself the supreme object of our striving is to shut out the possibility of that kingdom. And what is the kingdom of God? It is just our own complete life. Any life is a failure that does not come up to the measure of its own capacity. So for a man to rest content with his share, either earned or received as a gift by him, of the material products of civilization, and not to put forth his inborn powers to the nobler tasks and enjoyments of life, is to miss the true satisfaction of living. He has lived but half his life, and that the meaner half. The complete life of a child of God is not to live on what we can get of the satisfactions of the moment, which bring with them no hopes for the future, and leave behind them no memories to enrich the thoughts, and in no wise deepen life's meaning for us; but it is to live like God in that we share with him the creative impulse which sets all our experiences in an ordered sequence of growth, making the lower and lesser a stepping-stone to the larger and higher. To eat the bread and drink the wine of life, and say, "This is all there is of life, and we have tasted it to the full,"—in what then are we better than the gross elements that impart to us such short-lived pleasure? But to eat the bread and drink the wine, and know in them the body and blood of a greater and diviner life, a memory full of all tender meaning, an immortal hope, and a love that counts no sacrifice and that faileth not—this is indeed to live; for it is not a consummation, a cup drained to the dregs. It is but a beginning, a foretaste of the joy that cannot be exhausted and of the life eternal.

CHURCH GOING.

I DO not always find the music in church musical; nor always find the prayer of the minister spiritual; and not infrequently while the minister is preaching I find myself preaching to myself a different sermon. And yet I habitually go to church. Sunday never seems to me quite like Sunday without a church service. True, I can pray at home without a priest; I may have a friend who can play for me a Bach's fugue or a Handel's chorus for music; and the various resources of English literature furnish something as provocative of thought and perhaps as inspirational to devotion as what one is likely to hear in most churches and from most preachers. But I get something in the church which neither private prayer nor the music of the most skilled pianist nor the best of books can give to me. Let us call it an atmosphere.—*Lyman Abbot.*

News from the Field.

We noted various resignations of Ministers in our last number. Others have followed, but they will be recorded at a later date.

Meanwhile we may add that the *Rev. J. Barron* has left *Tavistock*, and has taken up his new work at *Ashton-under-Lyne*, and that the *Rev. F. Walters* has concluded his long Ministry at *Newcastle-on-Tyne*.

But on the other hand the *Rev. J. Shaw Brown*, a new comer among us, has entered upon the charge of the vigorous congregation at *Newchurch;* the *Rev. W. Harvey Smith*, also a new comer, has begun his work at *Long Sutton;* and welcomes have been given to *Rev. W. J. Pond* at *Whitchurch*, and to *Rev. P. E. Richards, B.A.*, at *Walsall*. So with changes in various parts of the country progress may be recorded, and our friends may take courage.

On leaving *Southport*, the *Rev. F. B. Mott* was presented with a testimonial, signed by a large majority of the members of the congregation, and a solid gift of nearly £100 in money, while his wife has also received proofs of the goodwill of those among whom she has laboured. Some passing difficulties have brought about a separation between *Mr. Mott* and his people, but evidently there is a solid basis of kind feeling and goodwill now that the change has come.

Down in the South of England, while friends at *Bridport* are regretting the close of *Rev. H. S. Solly's* Ministry there, the good folk at *Poole* are confidently counting upon the early probability of his settlement among them.

It is gratifying to know that the good work begun only a few years ago at *Ashton*, and strenuously carried on by the *Rev. W. C. Hall*, has culminated in the opening of a new and handsome church. The preacher, most suitably, was the *Rev. H. E. Dowson, B.A.*, whose good and generous wife, with gilded key, opened the doors of the building, and the congregation was large, earnest, and generous. The major part of the money for this building has already been raised, and no cause is more worthy of help than this. Its remaining debt should be speedily cleared away, that the earnest group of men and women may go on with their strenuous work unhampered, and unhindered by crippling and sordid cares of debt.

At *Sychbant*, in *Cardiganshire*, a new Church has been opened and consecrated. The *Rev. E. C. Jones*, of *Bradford*, who has been a generous helper, was the preacher, and the proceedings were altogether encouraging. Only a little further help is needed in order that this building may be free of debt.

The Memorial Buildings at *Norwich* to *Dr. Martineau* have been suitably and vigorously commenced, one of the devoted daughters of the great Philosopher and Preacher laying the foundation stone. All the proceedings were of an interesting nature, and the only thing needed was the final amount to cover all the expenses of the noble undertaking. This will surely be forthcoming, so that when the building is complete no vestige shall remain of financial trouble. The good work should surely be absolutely complete.

Various activities during the past month may be briefly recorded:—

The *National Conference Guilds' Union* has held a good meeting at *Chowbent*, the *Rev. J. Ellis* being the preacher; the *Ulster Unitarian Christian Association* has met at *Belfast*—the veteran *Rev. J. Page Hopps* preaching the sermons; the *Rev. Joseph Wood*, in prosecution of his earnest voluntary work as President of the Triennial Conference, has been visiting the Churches in *South Wales*, preaching, addressing meetings, and generally stimulating and encouraging the brave workers, and devout worshippers in that part of the Principality, and as if that were not enough he has been up in *North-East Lancashire*, encouraging the friends of Sunday Schools, and cheering them on in their work. He is doing strenuous work, which will leave good results, but we hope he is not overstraining the strength, which has already, in other ways, been unduly taxed. *Mr. Spedding* and his Van work are attracting attention in various parts of the country, which will speedily now be alive with our new spiritual propagandism; the *Midland Sunday School Association*, under the Presidency of the *Rev. J. Paxton*, has had a good meeting in *Birmingham*, and the *North-East Lancashire Association* at *Accrington;* the *London District Unitarian Association* has met and recorded its various activities, and only deplores that it cannot do much more owing to the scantiness of its resources—otherwise the fields are white and ready for harvest—but it goes on steadily with a good heart and unflagging courage; the *Ministers' Institute* has had a cheery meeting at *Oxford*, where good papers, helpful services, cordial fellowship, and an inspiring utterance from *Prof. Henry Jones*, on "Immanence and Transcendence," enabled between 50 and 60 of our Ministers to have a profitable time together; the *Ministerial Fellowship*, under the chairmanship of *Professor Carpenter*, had an excellent meeting in *Manchester*, recording great progress during the year, and giving help and encouragement to its members, and proving its great usefulness to our Ministers generally; the *Liverpool Domestic Mission* has had its Annual Meetings, and, as usual, records noble work nobly done, and reveals, to those who can see, a devoted band of labourers giving their lives to grand unselfish work for the good of the poor, the outcast, and the neglected.

All these are signs of spiritual life and activity, which should give new heart to those who toil but cannot see how God sends His great Spirit of helpfulness and crowns all earnest and pure-hearted effort with His unfailing benedictions.

We are sorry to have seen one of our workers in the Mission Field—the *Rev. S. H. Street, B.A.*, of *Bell Street*—broken in health by his earnest labours; but we gladly record that he is now steadily on his way to recovery, and that he has been helped and encouraged by many friends who appreciate his good work on behalf of the Poor. It is cheering to see how our brother Ministers, distinguished Physicians and Surgeons, and kind-hearted men and women will stand by an earnest worker when sickness and trouble overtake him. This is as it should be. The kindly spirit and helping hand reveal the indwelling spirit of God.

Great sorrows have come into our little communities. Our true-hearted fellow-labourer, the *Rev. F. W. Stanley*, of *Brixton*, has suddenly been called away from us in the midst of his work; the fine-souled Italian worker and colleague, *Professor Bracciforti*, after a long and noble life, has been called home; and, just as we go to press, we learn that one of our real stalwarts—outspoken, heroic, and devoted—the *Rev. Walter Lloyd*, of *Gloucester*, has had to lay down his arms. These are losses, among our leaders, that we can hardly bear; but we should be unworthy of them if we did not, while weeping with those who weep, and sad at heart because comrades are taken from us, grasp hands all the more firmly, close our ranks, and go on steadily and unflinchingly to the field of our battle more than ever resolute and consecrated.

Also among our friends we shall see no more on earth, a strenuous worker like *Mrs. H. Brooks*, of *Stayleybridge;* a generous giver like *Mrs. Nettlefold, of Birmingham*, whose help will be greatly missed not only at the *Church of the Messiah*, but throughout the whole of the Churches; and a silent but untiring labourer like *John Elliott*, of *Choppington*, who, among his fellow pitmen of *Northumberland*, kept aloft the banner of free religious thought, while living a life of purity and nobleness. We may thank God for such men and women, and rejoice that it has been our privilege to see and know them, and through them to realize how grand our lives may be, and how our ideals are being reached by those among whom it has been our happiness to live.

SCRUTATOR.

May 15th, 1907.

SUNDAY.

GREAT is the moral and religious value of a day of rest. One of the most serious wants of our modern life is the lack of repose. Activity is everything, even in religion. Life is in danger of losing its depth and becoming a mere surface affair. We must have more quiet hours and quiet resting-places. We must make more of the Sunday. It is well to have cast off the yoke of superstition, but changes in the observance of Sunday cannot be favourably regarded if they are the result of growing laxity of moral and religious faith and purpose. It is a moral calamity when men lose the worshipful spirit. Reverence, faith, and aspiration are the springs of noble and fruitful living.—*John Hunter.*

MARJORIE never cries when she bumps herself; but, when Aramantha injured her nose seriously the other day, Marjorie winked very hard, then, running with Aramantha to her mother, she sobbed, "O mamma, I don't mean to cry, I don't mean to; but my tears have all come unfastened."

The Seed Sower.

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13th YEAR.

It has never been subsidised, and occupies an absolutely independent position. But it is a welcome guest in many a Church and home, and we confidently appeal to our friends to make it more widely known. It has only one object—to serve the cause of Liberal Christianity by providing thoughtful literature in a popular form, which may strengthen the faith of the faithful, and enlighten the darkness of the dark.

The *Seed Sower* is admirably adapted for localising, and facilities are provided for that purpose. The circulation is already larger than that of any other magazine or journal published to meet the wants of our Free Churches. It gives a larger amount of matter, and every increase of circulation will be used to secure increased efficiency.

All business communications should be addressed to
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